

*The History of*

*Hot.* Come Kate, thou art perfect in lying downe;  
Come, quicke, quicke, that I may lay my head in thy lap.

*La.* Go, ye giddy goose.

*The musicke playes.*

*Hot.* Now I perceiue the diuell vnderstands Welch  
And tis no maruell he is so humorous,  
Birdsly he is a good musician.

*La.* I then would you be nothing but musically,  
For you are altogether governed by humors:  
Lie still ye thiefe, and heare the Lady sing in Welsh.

*Hot.* I had rather heare Lady, my brache howle in Irish.

*La.* Would'st haue thy head broken?

*Hot.* No.

*La.* Then be still.

*Hot.* Neither 'tis a womans fault.

*La.* Now God helpe thee.

*Hot.* To the Welsh Ladies bed.

*La.* VVhat's that?

*Hot.* Peace, she sings.

*Here the Lady sings a Welsh song.*

*Hot.* Come, Ile haue your song too.

*La.* Not mine in good sooth.

*Hot.* Not yours in good sooth? Hart you sweare like a com-  
fitmakers wife, not you in good sooth, and as true as I liue, &  
as God shall mend me, and as sure as day:  
And giuest such sarcenet surety for thy oathes:  
As if thou neuer walkst further then Finburie:

Sweare me Kate, like a Lady as thou art,  
A good mouth-filling oath, and leaue in sooth,  
And such protest of pepper ginger bread,  
To velvet gards, and Sunday Citizens,  
Come, sing.

*La.* I will not sing.

*Hot.* Tis the next way to turne tayler, or be redbrest teacher;  
and the indentures be drawn, Ile away within these 2. houres,  
and so come in when ye will. *Exit.*

*Glen.* Come, come, Lord Mortimer, you are as slow,  
*As Hot.* Lord Percy is on fire to go.

By

*Henry the fourth.*

By this our booke is drawne, weele but scale  
And then to horse immediately.

*Mor.* With all my heart.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter the King, Prince of Wales and other.*

*King.* Lords giue vs leaue, the Prince of Wales and I  
Must haue some priuate conference, but be neere at hand  
For we shall presently haue neede of you. *Exeunt Lords.*

I know not whether God will haue it so,  
For some displeasing seruice I haue done,  
That in his secret doome, out of my blood,  
Hee'll breede reuengement and a scourge for me:  
But thou dost in the passages of life

Make me beleue, that thou art onely mark't  
For the hote vengeance, and the rod of heauen  
To punish my mistreadings. Tell me else

Could such inordinate and low desires,  
Such poore, such bare, such lewde, such meane attempts,  
Such barren pleasures, rude societie,

As thou art matcht withall, and grafted to,  
Accompany the greatnes of thy blood,  
And hold their leuell with thy princely heart?

*Prin.* So please your Maiesty, I would I could  
Quit all offences with as cleare excuse,  
As well as I am doubtlesse I can purge  
My selfe of many I am charg'd withall:

Yet such extenuation let me beg,  
As in reproofe of many tales deuise,  
Which oft the eare of greatnes needes must heare:  
By smiling pick-thanks, and base newes-mongers,  
I may for some things true, wherein my youth  
Hath faulty wandred, and irregular  
Finde pardon on my true submission.

*King.* God pardon thee, yet let me wonder, Harry,  
At thy affections, which do hold a wing  
Quite from the flight of all thy auncestors,  
Thy place in counsell thou hast rudely lost  
VVhich by thy younger brother is supplide,  
And art almost an alien to the harts

Of